"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONGEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

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REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS: One Quarter Column, (three equares or less) for our sertles.

[II-17 Column, (seven equares or less) each ins. 2 30 aboc Column, (tour equares or less) ... 6 00

SUNDRY ADVERTISEMENTS:

SCATTER THE SEEDS.

BY W. O. MILLS. SCATTER the seeds of good around, Oh men of mind and hear! There's ample room in the fertile ground, And it needs your heavenly art.

Scatter the seeds, oh men of mind, Spread abroad your glowing strain; You know not what lodgement it may find, In a heart of grief or pain.

Scatter the seeds, if your prophet brain Burns with poetic fire, ... Each word that flows from your boly pen, With life will the weak inspire.

Scatter the seeds, oh novelist, Give the world your truthful tale; It may warm the cheek that despair has kinned And save a being fruit.

Scatter the seeds, oh Edi or, That guards the growth of Right; or tyranny frembles when you stir, And error stirloks from sight,

Scatter the seeds, ob men of heart, Layour counsels and actions flow; There is nothing lost that your works impart; Though buried, the seed will grow.

Of waters may cover them deep; The germs may rise-be patient the while, And the fruit ere long will peep.

Scatter the seeds both far and wide, Though you see not the plants come forth; The cloudy tear-drope will fall where they

And the sud will give them birth. Scatter the seeds, ye know not what hearts,

Await your comforting words; A holier charm your labor imports, Than the strain of the aweetest birds.

Scatter the seeds, not a shadow should fall From the darkening wings of doubt; 'Tis a noble work on the errirg to call, And the path of light point out.

Scatter the seeds, to inspire the soul, With lofty and virtuous desires; To save the tempted from sin's control, The poblest heart aspires.

Scatter the seeds, men of heart and mind, Though trying the task may be; Faint not in the work to bless mankind, Your reward you yet shall see.

Scatter the seeds, for hearts and homes In city, and town, and vill; In humble cots and costly domes, Are charmed by your wendrous skill.

Scatter the seeds on the passing breeze. Let the strains of truth be told; For the Lord of the harvest your labor sees, And will give a bundred fold.

Scatter the seeds of good around, Oh men of mind and heart; There's ample room in the fertile ground, And it needs your heavenly art. G. S. L. City, Aug. 25th, 1859.

apprehended. A friend of the family recommended the application of a beet taken from the garden and pounded fine to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and, by keeping on the crushed beet and chang-

GAWNY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "WIDOW BED TT" PAPERS.

I've ben very lonesome lately. Jefferson's gone off to attend lecters, and I sha'n't see nothin' of him in several months; but one thing comforts me: when he comes, back, I guess it'll be for good. He's about made up his mind to settle down here, and everybody thinks he'll do well here a-docterin'. There ain't but one person that's advised him to leave Scrabble Hill, and that's Samson Savage. He met Jeff one day when he was home last, and he says to him, in his patronizin' way, "Well, y ung man, they say you've nearly finished your studies. Where do you calcilate to locate?"

"I've about concluded to stick out a

shingle here," says Jeff.
"What!" says Mr. Savage, says he, "you surprise me! Why, you'd be a born fool to do that—a born fool, take my word for it!"

"Well?" says Jeff. "Don't you think I'll succeed here?" "As to that matter," says Mr. Savage, 'I 'spose you'll do well enough here

in p'int of practice, but you'll always be called Jeff to your dyin' day, if you stay here."

'That is ruther aggravatin',' says Jeff, but I guess I must grin and bear it, and depend on posterity to do me 'Hang posterity!' says Mr. Savage; 'now's the present time." I'm very glad Jeff don't take a notion to go clear off to Californy, or some other place away out of the land of the livin'; 'twould nigh about kill me if he should. The fact is, he'd ruther be with his lather and mother than anywhere else, and he's a genniwine comfort to us. Most folks think he'll get a good run of practice here after a spell. Dr. Pratt's gittin' old, and Dr. Tinkom ain't much anyhow; so Jeff when you'd ben there only six months, stands a good chance to git along. The same to the state of civilization by couraged about her; so last fall she packed her off to spend the winter in Gambletown, where they've got some that when they didn't want her for a wife. At the didn't want her for a wife. At they did stands a good chance to git along. I'm sorry for one thing; the Fusticks are put out with him. He's got a way of blurtin' out, you know, a good deal greatest astonishment, and says she, place to try her luck. like his father; he don't mean nothin' You don't seem to understand the sub- | She called to our house one day in by it, but he made the Fusticks mad. jeet, Miss Magwire.' I hope he'll do his best to mend the 'I guess I don't,' says I, for I con- a gratifyin' letter from Ann Eliza, she matter when he comes back, for I can't fess it's an onaccountable mystery to wished she'd a thought to fetch it along wards my son; I'd ruther they'd be mad your own children so.' at me. 'Twas a little while before 'I never regarded 'em as my own,' Jeff was home. What! didn't you to me by the Lord. know Ann Eliza'd popped of? Well, 'So much the worse, then,' says I. and feelin's on that subject. 'You she has; she's married a missionary, 'If they belong to the Lord, and He's know,' says Miss Fustick, 'that's a and gone away off to convart the head only lent 'em to you, of course you'd cause that hes very near my heart.' then in the Island of Muffletegawny. I ought to be all the more careful of 'em, I was surprised enough to hear it of tic'lar, and detarmined never to attend cheaper than married ones, you know. don't know as that's exactly the name, so's to be able to give a good account Ann Eliza; but I knowd there was it agin. but it's as nigh as I can come to it, of your stewardship.' a missionary? She ain't much like Lord. ye-call-'ems. I never can remember preach the Gospel to every cretur.' names. Their letters used to be pub- 'I know it' says I, but the wimmin And it never once entered her head When I get there, I found quite a sider him nigh so deep a man as Parlished in the 'Gospel Trumpet.' 'Twas wa'n't commanded to go. We don't to think but what Ann Eliza was a very number of ladies collected, old and son Scrantum was; and in p'int of plain, an awful hot country where they went, read that the Apostles took wives along. suitable person for such an under-young. The old ones was knittin' practical sarmonizin' he doesn't come the 'Gospel Trumpet,' and they was had your number—for the church to there; 'twould be a first-rate field of fancy headdress. Polly Mariar Still—wonderfully scandalized to think the take care of? I guess they'd 'a had labor.' Miss Fustick gin me one of man was embrawderin' a mornin' cap. too much of that, saying they aint edition this city, says the Philadephia Morning poor critters hadn't nothin' to wear to to found an orphan asylum to put 'em her looks, and walked off without sayin' Jo Gipson's wife and Miss Brewster field, and all that sort of stuff.

THE MISSION TO MUFFLETE. ticoats they'd fetcht along, and spread 'I guess I don't,' says I. em out to sit on.

Reuben Parsons and his wife, our de- for all the world. voted missionaries to the -the thingum- But I was gwine to tell about Deacon bobs (I wish I could ever remember Fustick's daughter gittin married. I

back to heathen lands?

"Certingly," says she.
"Well, I'll give it up, now," says I;
"I thought it must be a mistake. Why. what's your object in leavin' your chil

'Well,' says I, 'I should think if ye did your duty by them eight childre

Miss Parsons looked at me with the I s'pose she thought 'twould be a good

"Gospel Trumpet"—I'd left Wiggles pious woman, enough better than I be, to make preparations for leavin', carpets, and engage a dressmaker to town then—sayin' that "the Reverend though I wouldn't a done as she did I declare I couldn't help laughin' to come over and make her new dresses.

names), had left their field of labor, was surprised, and, I must say, amused, and returned to this country, for the purpose of bringin' over their eight dreadful manuverin' woman, you know, children, to leave 'em there. It was alway figurin' round to get beaux for their intention to dispose of the chilher and the returned to this country, for the purpose of bringin' over their eight dreadful manuverin' woman, you know, children, to leave 'em there. It was alway figurin' round to get beaux for face drawd down about half a-yard their intention to dispose of the chilher and the return the round to get beaux for long.

So Ann Eliza' says Jeff, fit seems the serious drawd manuver in Scrabble IIII unat was drawd and she was old cronies; they'd had many a frolic together. She was wonderful stately to us, had her face drawd down about half a-yard long.

For a spell after I got there, I so and looked with all the eyes I had. I didn't know what to make on't. Thinks me this ain't much such an outfit as dren here and there, and then return 'em married off. Sing lar, ain't it, that 'So Ann Eliza,' says Jeff, 'it seems to their interestin' portion of the Lord's vineyard.' I thought there must be some mistake about it. 'It can't be possible,' says I, 'that any mother would be willin' to give up her children in that way. I'd as soon tear out my more Mr. Parsens and his wife when they was in this country. I was over to Wiggletown a visitin', and they came there to see their friends and bring a couple of their daughters to give away. Miss Major Coon took one of the can't be vineyard.' I thought there can feel so? Why, when 'Yes,' says she, with a doleful kind of a look, 'I'm about to enlist in the cause of missions. Oh, Jefferson! how rejoiced I should be if you d become a very likely young man. But Miss equipment to oppose it, you know, for she got a very likely young man. But Miss the can only they was in this country. I was over to Wiggletown a visitin', and they came there to see their friends and bring a couple of their daughters to give away. Miss Major Coon took one to their interestin' portion of the Lord's any mother can feel so? Why, when you're O P H for Mulletegawny!" give away Miss Major Cooa took one no tellin' the trials poor Amanda under—she had'nt no children—and Parson went since she took him. But it didn't seem to be no warnin' to Miss Fustick spell and give me a chance.'

So I went into the hall and brought spell and give me a chance.'

Ann Eliza got up and examined spell and give me a chance.'

Miss Parsons, 'Urainy,' says I, 'taint flourishin' round, pokin' her girls formals are laugh in suite of myself.' true, is it, that you're a gwire to leave rard into the face and eyes of all the make me laugh in spite of myself." true, is it, that you're a gwire to leave rard into the face and eyes of all the make me laugh in spite of myself.' twould do for very common kitchen your children scattered round, and go young men, till she succeeded in gettin. The next day Deacon Peabody's chamber sheets. If I was a mind to, done her best for her too; but somehow that the congregation was gwine to I was kind of hurt, for I'd took pains she didn't seem to take. She's ruther make up a box of clothin' for Ann to pick out what I thought was a nice a pretty-lookin' girl, but she was so Eliza, and said she s'posed I'd esteem fine piece. But I didn't say nothing. dren, if you must go back yourself?

Oh, says she, I want to devote the lerin', and bawlin' at everybody she hull of my time and energies to the met, and doin' everything she could to attract attention, that she overshot the work towards it. Well, I didn't view it as at 'em; Margaret Pettibone took hold any great privilege to be sure, but I thought I'd ought to give somethin', on my toe all the afternoon. Mag's so I said I'd send a piece of bleached muslin. Miss Peabody said that Ann white horse in her; she's a good-did your daty by them eight children. fancy to her; the young men seemed Eliza had received a good many pres- hearted girl, too. rich elbow cousins. 'rights' was, and put on the pantaloons.' siminary's located there, you know, and ject would meet at Deacon Fustick's the says Miss Fustick, that no doubt, un-

> the winter, and told me she'd had such the cause of foreign missions, and felt

something behind the curt'in, and waitconsider it anything strange at all, that,' says he.

keeping on the crushed beet and changing it for a fresh one as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple and effectual remedies like this should be known to every one.

the barbarians rigged out in high snuff. It seems to me you'd ought to consider this country a present of 'm. He was blue muslin sack.

The men was swelterin' under the hoods, it your greatest duty and privilege to edicated at the Gambletown Seminary. So he went there to look round, got account is no indication that his discount is no indication that his one and commandin' that;

The men was swelterin' under the hoods, with the sweat all streamin' down their stay with 'em, and do for 'em as no-pickin' her teeth, and exercisin' a gineral supervision over the rest, or loons round their necks, as if they'd 'I see,' says she, 'you don't under-wonderfully interested in his accounts of derin' this one and commandin' that;

interested in her. In short, they got pect her to do any, for she'd eat such Whether Miss Parsons was mistaken engaged about a week after they first a hearty dinner she couldn't. Miss After the Parsonses had been there or not, I know she meant to do right, saw each other. He was to sail in a Fustick and Miss Peabody had gone about ten years, I saw a notice in the for she was a good woman, a good, few weeks, and Ann Eliza came home over to Harristown to buy Ann Eliza's

rid of 'em all but Ann Eliza, and she wife come to our house and told me I might tear off some and make 'em. lazy, and so fond of dress, and so etar- it a privilege to contribbit my share I tore off the sheets and went to work

The theological privilege of assistin' in this great obnext Friday afternoon and sew for Ann der the circumstances, he'd esteem it a Eliza; of course I wouldn't miss of privilege to let us have em as low as comin', and I might fetch my contri- possible. He said, 'Certingly,' and I bution along. I told her I'd come if I think we got 'em very reasonable in-could. And she went home. deed.'

I'd gin up attendin' the sewin' society In the evenin' there was several bear that anybody should feel hard to- me how you can be willin' to give up with her and read it to me. Ann Eliza since Parson Tuttle was sent off, for young men come in. And the new had become so very much interested in I'd made up my mind there was more minister, Parson Pulsifer, he was there hurt than good come of 'em. I held too. He's a single man; ben here since Ann Eliza was married—the last time says she; 'I look upon 'em as only lent to regret that she hadn't hitherto a meetin' at home, alone by myself, about the middle of winter. Cappen entered more fully into her ma's views went into a committee of the hull, and Smalley, and a few more of the richest o me by the Lord.'

'So much the worse, then,' says I. and feelin's on that subject. 'You past a unanimous resolution of disgust men in the congregation, after they'd If they belong to the Lord, and He's know,' says Miss Fustick, 'that's a at sewin' societies in gineral, and the got rid of Parson Tuttle, detarmined Scrabble Hill sewin' society in par- they'd have a single man; they come

But after Miss Peabody went away daughters to peddle off, and all others anyhow. Ain't it sing'lar that such a 'But you know, says she, 'Scripter ed patiently to see what 'twas. The I thought it over, and concluded to go, that was willin' to dispose of themselves, a missionary? She ain't much like Lord.'

But you know, says she, 'Scripter ed patiently to see what 'twas. The for 'twa'n't a reg'lar meetin' of the fell in with the plan, and so they gin me that Ann Eliza had got so exercised society, and, to tell the truth, I had Mr. Pulsifer a call. He was preachin' Mr. Parson's wife, she 'twas Urainy Well,' says I, 'I never s'posed that in view of the dreadful condition of some curiosity to see what would be in Punkin' Hook on trial at the time, Slammerkin, old Slammerkin's daugh- meant we was to give away our children the heathen, especially the Muffle- done. So when Friday came, I takes and accepted the call. He's wonderful ter. I know'd her; she was raised in and go off to heathen lands, though I tegawny's, that she'd made up her my piece of muslin and starts off for popular with 'em all, more so than any Wiggletown, where I was brought up. don't pretend to be much of a hand at mind to go on a mission to 'em if pa Deacon Fustick's. I told Mr. Mag-minister they've had before. He's She was quite a religious, sober-mind- interpretin' Scipter.' She was quite a religious, sober-mind. interpretin' Scipter.'
and ma was willin'. 'Of course we es- wire to come after me in the evenin', quite a young man, and very good ed young woman. Married Reuben 'But you know,' says she, 'the great teem it a privilege to have her go,' but he said he'd be hanged if he lookin'. He was brought up a few Parsons, from Tuckertown, a good sort work of convertin' a world lyin in says Miss Fustick. Well, I was sur- would; so Jeff axed if he mightn't miles out of Boston, I forget the name of a critter, but ruther soft. They wickedness has got to be done. The prisder than ever, and couldn't help come. 'You may if you'll promise to of the place. They think he's terrible went on a mission to the—the what-do- Apostles was commanded to go to tellin' her so; but she didn't seem to behave,' says I. 'Of course I'll do eloquent here, especially the young

stockin's for Mr. Simpson, and the up to Parson Tuttle by a good deal. I and the people was dreadful savages— And them seventy that was sent out— takin'.

Some of 'em s'posen they'd all had wives with 'em, 'Law me!' 'if she's in such distress young ones was makin' all sorts of Laws at the best of him, though. went to Mr. Parson's meetin's, though how much good do you think they'd to go on a mission, send her up here to things for Ann Eliza—capes, collars, they couldn't understand a word he adone? And after a few years, what Pudden-bag Lane; 'taint far off, and cuffs, and what not. The Skinners was said. Well, the Wiggletown and if they'd 'a sent home eight times she couldn't desire to see a more heavorkin' a pair of footstools with woost-min, for ever findin' fault with their minister, complainin' about his style and manner or his want of the standard of th Post, while in the country, stepped on a rusty nail, which run through her shoe into her foot. The inflammation and sent over to 'em all sorts of things, ever that I'm perfectly willin' and resigned got home, and then the mystery was lippincott was workin' a pair of slippincott was workin' and working wor pain was very great, and lock-jaw was so many frocks, and petticoats, and to part with every one of my children, all explained. She'd got a beau! a pers for Mr. Simpson. Gloriann Bil- Leave him lying in idleness against the apprehended. A friend of the family hoods, and pantaloons, and so forth. Trustin' that the Lord will take care of Mr. Simpson, a missionary to the Muf- lins was makin' him a green velvet sunny fence of prosperity, and all that's

AUNT MAQWIRE'S ACCOUNT OF been long shawls. The frocks and pet-stand the subject at all, Miss Magwire. Muffletegawny, and he was wonderfully as for sewin', she said they need at exsee how hard she tried to look dignified She'd got three very nice silk ones, and and solemn. I called to see her a few a number more, and there wa'n't no days after she got home. Jeff went dressmaker in Scrabble Hill that was

> me this ain't much such an outfit as Miss Parsons had. How the times is

Of course all the wimmin that had folks. But, for my part, I don't con-(To be continued.)

MAN.-Man is like a snow-ball.